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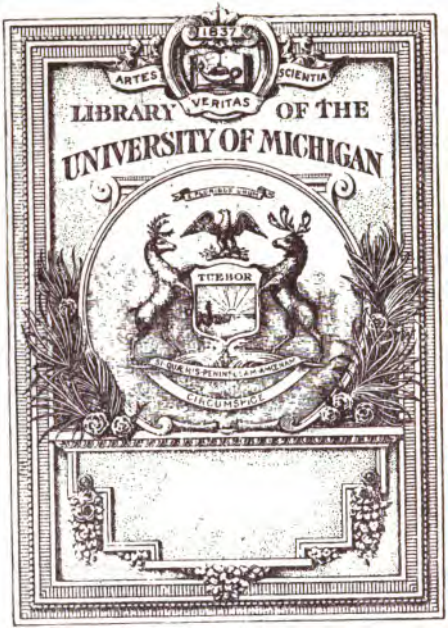
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THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT

BY

EDWIN HALLOCK BYINGTON

THE PILGRIM PRESS

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By Luther H. Cary

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THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS DEDICATED TO THE CHILDREN OF MY OWN HOME, TO MY DAUGHTER RUTH, AND TO MY SON PAUL

378113

FOREWORD

THE messages of the Children's Pulpit, presented originally to children in attendance at the Sunday morning church service, already have received an unexpectedly warm welcome. From them a selection of fifty-two, one for each Sunday of the year, has been made for this little book.

They are offered as "helps over hard places" for parents who sometimes find it difficult to make Sunday afternoons pleasant and profitable; for Sunday-school teachers who wish to have some little special feature before or after the lesson; for day-school teachers who are looking for concrete expressions of ethical principles; and for all whose responsibility for children calls for "line upon

line, precept upon precept." They are merely suggestive, and easily can be amplified and illustrated.

E. H. B.

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THE FINEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF medicine, some of which are tasteless, a few have a pleasant flavor, but most of them are very unpleasant to take. How you dislike most of them! But who of you likes to give medicine? "Not I," most of you answer. Wait a minute. There is one fine medicine, the finest in the world, and I like to have the boys and girls give me large doses of it. A very wise man tells about it in this proverb, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

You hear older people talk about psychotherapy, homeopathy, allopathy, osteopathy, but never mind those. The thing for you to practise is "merryopathy." Have a merry

heart, and let it show itself in sunny faces, sparkling eyes, sweet laughter, lightly tripping steps, and willing hands.

Many men and women study four years in the high school, four in college, four in the medical school, and then spend two years in a hospital that they may be doctors, but get a merry heart within you and you can practise medicine right away. Sometimes when a troubled man meets a merry boy or girl he feels like taking off his hat and saying, "Good morning, doctor!"—a "merryopathic" doctor. Begin the practise of this kind of medicine at once. In the morning say, "I will be a doctor to-day"; and at night ask your mother whether you have been her little doctor during the day.

THE GLORY OF IT

A BOY NOT TEN YEARS OLD, AT a camp, swam in a test one day half a mile. He evidently was much pleased and also had been much praised, for he wrote this letter: "Dear Father: Yesterday I swam half a mile, but the glory is all yours, for you taught me how to swim."

True enough, for when boys and girls do well they have some credit, but most goes to their fathers and mothers. And when they do wrong most of the blame is laid on the shoulders of their parents.

Not long ago a young man was sent to prison, and the chief of police said of his wickedness, "Oh, he gets that from his mother." The blame of his wrong-doing, justly or unjustly, rested on her.

Your public school-teachers may never have seen your parents, but they have an opinion of them based on your behavior. I heard a school-teacher say, "I do not know Mr. and Mrs. K—— personally, but they must be nice people, their boy is so bright and polite and their little girl so gentle and earnest." I have heard, in other cases, severe opinions expressed about parents, based on the bad behavior of their children. You all are weaving golden crowns or crowns of thorns for your fathers and mothers; you are bringing honor or blame upon them. Christ said, in his prayer to his heavenly Father, "I have glorified thee on the earth." So every boy and girl can bring glory to father and mother.

LEFT OUT

VERY HARD IT MUST HAVE been for Mary and Joseph after their long journey to find that there was no room for them at Bethlehem's inn. How tired they were, and how cruel it seemed when they were turned back into the darkness!

Then some kind-hearted person, perhaps the innkeeper himself, took the poor travelers who were left out in the cold and made a place for them in the stable. Gladly he must have filled the manger with the sweet, fresh hay until it made a fine resting-place, and how grateful Mary must have been! They were no longer "left out."

It never is pleasant to be crowded out, and sometimes it hurts very much. Some

of us have felt so badly at being left out that we have cried over it, perhaps before others, perhaps at night after we have gone to bed. It may have been from a sleigh-ride party, or a social circle, or a chorus. When we thought that nobody wanted us, that there was no room for us, we felt miserable.

Then, like the men of Bethlehem's stable, let us be kind to those who, at Christmas or other times, seem left out. When you find some who are not likely to receive presents, or invitations to a party, or friendly calls, think of Mary, the mother of Jesus, and the man who was kind to her and Joseph when they were left out, and do all you can to make them comfortable and happy.

THE BOY JESUS

WE READ IN THE BIBLE THAT the boy Jesus advanced in wisdom, and stature, and in favor with God and man. Every boy and girl wishes to be like him, and also enjoys knowing that the resemblance is real. You wish to be sure of it and September is a good time to commence a satisfactory trial. According to the business calendar the year begins on the first day of January, but for every one who is studying a new year opens on the first day of school in the fall.

Take a piece of paper, write upon it the day of the month and the year. Have some one weigh you, and measure your exact height and write them, your "stature," on the paper. Then record how far you have

gone in your studies, in day-school and Sunday-school, which is your "wisdom." Think of any little careless or disagreeable habits you may have, and select one that other people do not like, so if you were rid of it you would increase "in favor with man." Write that down; and also some habit which you do not have, the forming of which you think would be pleasing to your heavenly Father. You would thus increase "in favor with God."

Have this paper where you can read it now and then. Keep it carefully. At the end of a year be measured and weighed again, notice whether you have conquered that habit that was annoying to other people and formed the new one that would be pleasing to God. If the result is favorable, *you may know certainly* that you, like the boy Jesus, have increased in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man.

THE LAZY MAN'S LION

IN THE BOOK OF PROVERBS IS this verse, "The sluggard saith, There is a lion without: I shall be slain in the streets." This means that a lazy man did not wish to go to work and so pretended that there was a lion in the street, and offered as an excuse for not going to work that the lion in the street would kill him if he went out.

It is a fact that every lazy boy and every indolent girl has a lion, that is, some excuse for not doing what is asked. A daughter is told to do her piano practising and exclaims: "Oh, I can't! It is so cold in the parlor" — (lazy man's lion). A son is asked to run to the store on an errand and answers that his shoe hurts his foot when he walks — (lazy man's lion). On Sunday morning he

cannot go to church because it is rainy — (lazy man's lion). He cannot study his lessons because his eyes hurt him — (lazy man's lion). She cannot eat the crusts of her bread because her gums are sore — (lazy man's lion). She cannot get up in time for breakfast because her throat pains her — (lazy man's lion).

Look out for the lazy man's lion, that foolish excuse for not doing what we should do!

THE LITTLE PREACHER

EVERY SPRING IN THE BOSTON Public Gardens may be seen thousands of tulips, of many different colors and arranged in all sorts of flower beds; and in almost every city and village you will find some growing.

These tulips are splendid little preachers, and they have two sermons. The first is, "Stand straight." And how straight the little preacher is himself!

We need his sermon, for it is so easy for us to form the stooping habit. Over our desks in school, over our food at the table, over our games in the evening, over our work, be it washing or weeding, we find ourselves bending. There is danger of our going through life with head bowed, shoulders rounded, back

bent, almost doubled up; but from the garden every little tulip preaches earnestly, "Stand straight, boys and girls, stand straight."

His second sermon he preaches for our characters, as the first is for our bodies, and it is, "Learn to stand alone." The tulip does not cling to a trellis, nor ask for a stake, nor lean on its fellows. It can stand alone. So can the tulip boys and girls. The other kind of children cannot, but always depend on their companions. They think as the others think, and are ready to do wrong if the others say so. They cannot stand for the right alone. So these need the little tulip preacher, whose message is, "Learn to stand alone for what is right and true, pure and kind." And when the tulip stands straight, and stands alone, he is so bright and cheerful about it with his fine flowers that everybody likes his two little sermons, and wants to follow their teachings.

CUP OR SIEVE

IN THE KITCHEN YOU WILL FIND many useful articles and among them a sieve and also a cup. If, this afternoon, your mother should call you to have some lemonade from a pitcherful she had made, what would you run to get — a cup or a sieve? "What an absurd question!" do you say? If you held out a sieve, all that she poured in would run right out, and you would have none at all. You would come to her with a cup, of course.

Yet you often do bring a sieve when she calls you. In your mind, as well as in the kitchen, are a sieve and a cup. Often, when mother gives you directions for doing an errand, you take the sieve off the shelf in your mind and hold it out. All that she

tells you goes right through, and you do not remember how to do it, perhaps forget it entirely. Boys and girls use the sieve altogether too much when their mothers give them advice or commands. That is why they forget so much. And sometimes when older people go to church they hold out a sieve for the sermon instead of a cup, and when they get home cannot tell what the minister preached about. The next time your father or mother starts to say something to you that seems important, ask them to wait a minute until you can take, from its hook in your mind, the cup which is called *attention*, and then catch all that they say and keep it.

THE NEW YEAR'S NAME

WE GIVE NAMES TO THE DAYS of the week, and names to the months, but never a name for the poor years. Like the convicts in prison they must simply be numbered. They ought to have names as well as the days and months. Now the wise people will arise and say that this is all nonsense, that it would make dreadful confusion to have nineteen hundred and ten different names.

Let history keep its numbers if it chooses, but we are not going to live nineteen hundred years on earth and we surely could find sixty or seventy good names for the years that will be ours. At any rate try the experiment, and give a name to one year.

You will find selecting the name difficult,

for you can give the year a boy's name, or a girl's name, or the name of a flower, a stone, a star, or some favorite tune.

Let circumstances decide for you. If at Christmas you received a primrose, or cyclamen, or some violets that pleased you much, name the new year after the flower and try to carry its brightness all through the year. Or call it the opal year or the pearl year, after the stone in the ring your father gave you. Perhaps Bethlehem would suit many, in honor of the village, and also of the hymn and tune, which you could often hum during the year. If you are a little downhearted, christen it Hope or Bravery. If you are careless and wish to improve, write its name down Faithful, and if you begin it by becoming a Christian, let that be its name through the entire period. At any rate give this next year a good name that means something to you.

SIR GALAHAD

MANY OF YOU HAVE SEEN THE picture of Sir Galahad, one of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, in which he is represented as standing at the head of his horse. Like the other knights he was strong, brave, and ever ready to battle with sword or spear; but above most of them was he famous for his noble spirit and pure life. Tennyson puts into his lips these words in the poem bearing the knight's name:

> "My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure."

It is a splendid experience to be strong, and purity helps make us strong. This is true of the body. Great athletes are very careful about bathing. They cannot do their

best unless they keep clean. Of course in work and play dust and dirt will get on our bodies, but if left on they will take away some of our strength.

The same is true of character. You will not have so strong a nature if you look at impure pictures, listen to impure stories, speak impure words, and indulge in impure acts. No temptations come to schoolboys and girls more dangerous than those which try to interest them in what is not nice and clean.

Remember Sir Galahad. The next time anybody starts to show you a bad picture or to tell an unclean story, turn away, saying to yourself, "Sir Galahad." When an unclean temptation appeals to you, or an evil thought comes into your heart, drive it away. Like Sir Galahad be strong and pure; be pure and you will be strong.

THE HOME STRETCH

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN BOYS running a race? How gaily they start off, with a dash, every one fresh, eager, doing his best! Now watch them at the end of the race, as they come down the home stretch to the finishing line. Some are running finely, but others are shuffling along with a tired-out gait that seems to say, "I don't care, I'm not going to try any more."

It is not the way they start out, but the way they come down the home stretch that shows what kind of boys they are — shows not only which are the swiftest, but which are the pluckiest, doing their best to the very end, even though they cannot win.

Studying in school is running the race of

knowledge. The last few weeks before the long summer vacation, when most of the school year has passed, form "the home stretch." Often it happens that in spring school-days the faithful become careless, the diligent lazy, the ambitious indifferent. Some who have been doing their best all the year do not seem to care whether they succeed or fail.

Now you can tell, better than at any time of the year, which of the scholars are going to make the finest men and women. You may be sure they are those who run finely down this home stretch of the school year, who work hard when the days grow longer and warmer, who keep their eyes on their books instead of out of the window, who make the last days before the vacation the best of all the year.

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN

ONCE A RAILROAD ON WHOSE crossings many accidents had occurred, offered a large sum of money to the person who could furnish the best sign to put up where country roads crossed the railroad tracks. The prize was won by a man who suggested these three words, Stop, Look, Listen.

Certainly these were fine words for that purpose; but they can be applied in other ways as well.

Keep them in mind wherever you are, at home, in school, or in church; and especially when you go outdoors in the coming months. Sometimes when you take a walk, or make an excursion to some city, or visit the mountains or seashore, you go too fast and do

not notice enough what is about you. Perhaps you wish to see how far you can walk or to reach some distant point; but stop, look, listen. Stop that you may rest awhile, look around for flowers, listen to the singing of birds. If you are with friends, do not chatter nonsense all the time, but stop, look, listen. Stop talking, look at the silent clouds, listen to the rustling of the breeze in the trees. You may be wondering what other people around are thinking of you, but stop, look, listen. Stop thinking about yourself, look for happy faces and kind deeds among the passers-by, listen for pleasant voices and new and interesting sounds. Jesus walked much and he must have walked in this manner, for we read of his stopping, and his teaching shows that he looked and listened. Whenever you go out, unless it is your duty to hurry, start on your walk with the words, "I must remember to stop, look, listen."

PARTNERS OF JESUS

ON STORE SIGNS AND IN NEWSpaper advertisements you often see two names, for the business is managed by two men who are partners. Each does something to make their undertaking a success. Sometimes their shares are exactly alike, but often they are different. One may give more money than the other; or one may supply the money and the other the experience; or one do the buying and the other the selling.

In many of his wonderful works Jesus was alone, but in a few he had a partner. The miracle in which the most people shared and which is reported in more Gospel accounts than any other is the feeding of the five thousand, and that miracle Jesus did not try

to do alone. He had a partner. That partner was a boy. They fed the five thousand together. The boy gave the five loaves and two small fishes, and Jesus blessed them and made them enough for all. Who fed the five thousand? Jesus and the boy. They were partners.

Every boy and every girl may become a partner of Jesus. When you do things in his name, for his sake, for him, in the right spirit, you become his partner. He came to tell people about his heavenly Father, to make sick people well, to help the unfortunate, to make people do right. When we do these things for his sake we are really his partners. Start out some morning, saying: "Jesus shall be my partner to-day. In everything I will try to do what he would like to have me do. I will ask him to help me. When he helps me in doing his work, then we are partners — Jesus and I."

THE WILLOW

MANY OF YOU KNOW THE tree which is called the weeping willow. It does not at all deserve its name, for it is not a sad tree, but rather cheerful and winsome, with its long, flowing branches and its soft green color. If you pull one of its long, slender branches it yields, bending without breaking, not because it is weak, but because it is wise. When the wind blows how its arms sway with the breeze! And when the storm becomes furious, damaging elms and maples, the willow's branches are whirled about but remain uninjured, because it yields so readily.

Sometimes you should be as sturdy as an oak, but sometimes you should be like a wise

willow. When one of your playmates becomes angry with you, do not let anger break off your friendship, but be a wise willow and give up a little until his anger has blown over. Then all will be as well as before. If a rude boy snatches something from your hand, do not try to snatch back or strike. Like a wise willow, yield a little, and soon everything will be all right. Especially would brothers and sisters quarrel and disagree far less if when one begins to storm about something, the other would remember the willow.

The wise willow people in the long run get their way far more than scrub-oak people, who never yield without a fuss. When Christ tells us that if a man takes our coat we should give him our cloak, also, and that if a man makes us go with him a mile, we should go with him two, he is bidding us be willows.

OH! COME ON

THERE ARE VERY FEW EXPRESsions used by boys and girls more important than "Oh! come on." How often a group of you are talking over some plan, undecided what to do! It may be some act to help others, or it may be harmful mischief, or it may be mere fun. Suddenly one strong, clear voice says, "Oh! come on," and its owner makes a start. Quickly the rest follow like a flock of sheep. There are few, if any, other words that can be the means either of so much good or so much harm.

If you wish to be a person of influence have these three words on the end of your tongue, ready for use. Be careful, however, of the use you make of them. If it is wrong for you to do something, it is far worse to

lead your companions into it by saying, "Oh! come on." You can take your own punishment, but you cannot bear their punishment. You may lead them into it, but they will have to suffer because of the wrong. If you have any doubt whether a thing is wise or right, never say, "Oh! come on." Watch, however, for the chances to use the words in leading your companions into some fine and kind, some pure, happy action — something that you will be glad afterwards that you did. Do not argue, or coax; keep still until the right moment comes; then exclaim, "Oh! come on," and start at once yourself. In few ways can you be more of an influence for good with your associates. "Oh! come on."

THE RAMBLER ROSE FAMILY

THERE ARE MANY BEAUTIFUL single flowers, hyacinths and daisies, carnations and violets, each blossom standing out by itself. There are also the family flowers, of which none is more charming than the rambler rose. The blossoms do not come out separately, but in clusters or families. On the end of the stem is a bunch of roses. You may call one the father, another the mother, and there are always some children.

When all the members of a family do something together they form a rambler rose family. As all sit down at the table, or gather in the garden, or go off on a picnic together, let somebody exclaim, "Now we are a rambler rose family!"

Next Sunday morning notice in your church the rambler rose families, where every member is present at the morning service, and all are sitting together; and when you come home to dinner make a list of them. How many do you suppose there are in your church? Then do not forget the Sunday-school. There all cannot sit together, and some may belong to the Home Department. A Sunday-school might well have a list of the families of which every one is a member and call it "The Rambler Rose Honor Roll."

Best of all is the family where all are members of the church, or where all have given themselves to Christ and are striving to live Christian lives — one of Christ's rambler roses. Forget not to pray that your family in all that is bright and beautiful and good may be a Rambler Rose Family.

THE HONOR FLAG

ALL THROUGH THE COUNTRY you will find flags floating on the schoolhouses during school hours. In some places they may be seen there all the time, even during vacations. This is a splendid custom.

Every boy and girl, however, should have a flag all his own. A child without a flag is almost as unfortunate as "a man without a country." You do not need a large and expensive one, but it should be your own individual flag, to be placed in the window of your room when occasion arises.

A good way to use it is as an honor flag.

When President Taft came to Beverly for his summer home it was suggested that each boy and girl have an honor flag to keep in

sight while the President was in that city. The President sometimes takes long trips, visiting many states. Be sure to have your "honor flag" flying the days that he is in your state.

Use it for others also. If the governor of your state comes to your county or city, or some other man or woman you delight to honor, up with your flag. If you have as a visitor in your home some dear friend of your father or mother, or some relative, in honor of this visitor let your flag be seen. You might even use it when your pastor or Sunday-school teacher calls.

Certainly you will not forget it on national holidays and on the birthdays of the members of your family and of your friends. What would you think of putting out your "honor flag" every Sunday?

THE FIRST-FRUITS

THE OLD JEWISH LAW CALLED upon the people to give the first of everything to God — the first of the flocks and herds, the first of each crop as it was gathered. Christians are not required to do this, but it is a beautiful custom. A successful young man employed in New York made it his rule, whenever his salary was increased, to give the first week's increase to the church, or to the poor as a thank-offering to God.

There is always a peculiar pleasure in gathering the first of each thing that grows — the first violets, the first daisies, the first berries, the first cherries.

How many of you are willing this year to regard the first-fruits as "sacred unto

the Lord," not to be used for yourselves? When you find this summer the first of any kind of blossom, do not stick it in your own buttonhole, nor place it in a vase in your own room, but give it to some one to whom Jesus would be glad to have you give it — some sick or aged person, to some lonely or troubled one, to one of your parents or grandparents. So also with the first berries you pick, or cherries, or apples, or the first nuts you find.

If you have some money, do not spend from it for yourselves and then give the rest in Sunday-school, but set apart *first* the pennies for Christ and then spend the rest as may seem best and right. All your lives let the "first-fruits" be used in an unselfish way.

PRAYING OUTDOORS

YOU OFTEN ASK IF YOU MAY go outdoors to play, and many times you are sent out to get the fresh air and exercise as you play.

Were you ever sent outdoors to pray, or did you ever go for that purpose? To some this may seem a strange question. The church and the bedside at night seem the places to pray, and so they are. Never forget that nor fail to do it. But remember also that outdoors is a splendid place for prayer, especially in summer. I pray outdoors more in the three summer months than in all the other nine.

Jesus was especially fond of praying outdoors. We read of his praying in the open air, more than of his praying in houses,

synagogues, or in the temple. Once he went out early in the morning in a quiet country place to pray; several times he sought the mountains for this purpose; you remember his praying in the Garden of Gethsemane and on Calvary. He began his ministry by praying as he was baptized in the river Jordan and ended it by praying in blessing his disciples as he ascended into the clouds.

If Jesus prayed so much outdoors, surely you will enjoy doing it. Try it this summer when you are under the trees, or on a hill-top, or in a meadow, or beside the sea. Thank God for the beautiful things you are enjoying: for your health, your happy times, your friends, your parents. Ask him to make you brave, kind, patient, and true. You need not kneel down, nor say any words out loud, nor even move your lips nor close your eyes — just make it a happy little prayer in your heart.

GIVING A VACATION

HOW FINE IT IS TO HAVE A vacation! You enjoy getting them, but how about giving them? Let me suggest some you can give.

Take a pitcher of water, when the season is dry and hot, find a little plant that looks wilted and say to it: "Little plant, your roots are working very hard to find enough moisture to keep you alive. To-day you shall have a vacation, for I am going to give you plenty of water, and you can drink all you want, without any hard work." Then sprinkle the water gently on the leaves, and soak the ground with it.

Another day take a lot of crumbs and perhaps bits of meat out where some birds have been working very hard trying to get food

enough for the little birdlings. Then say to them, "Little birds, to-day you may have a vacation from your hard work, for here is enough food for all your family."

To your father say, "Father, I am going to give you a vacation this week from calling me in the morning and from making me go to bed at night; for every morning I intend to be on time for breakfast without being called, and to go to bed every night without being sent." And to your mother, "Mother dear, you are to have a month's vacation from picking up things from the floor, for I mean to be watchful and quick to pick up everything myself." And to your Sunday-school teacher say, "You are to have a vacation, as long as the hot weather lasts, from saying, 'Now, children, I want you to listen,' for we intend to pay careful attention all the time." Be careful to give as well as to have a vacation.

A DROP OF DEW

IF YOU WERE ASKED TO SELECT some object in nature that would represent God, most of you would name the sun. Others would say that God was like a mountain, or like the sea, or like some great tree. You would be apt to choose something large and glorious.

But the Bible speaks in one place of God as like the dew. To-morrow morning go outdoors as early as you can and find on some flower or blade of grass a tiny drop of dew, and as you look at it remember that God is like that drop of dew.

How pure it is! The water of the ocean has salt in it; rain-water has caught some of the dust floating in the air; many streams and ponds are a little muddy; and even

springs and brooks that seem clear contain minerals and other substances in solution, as the chemists say. But a dewdrop is perfectly pure, with a purity like the holiness of God.

Then in coming it never hurts. The rain sometimes beats down the plants; the streams and torrents often do injury, and the sea destroys much; but the dewdrop is water coming with the gentlest touch, like our tender heavenly Father.

Like God, it comes silently. You cannot see it come. You cannot see it go; and it always refreshes wherever it touches. It comes also when it is most needed, in the hottest summer weather.

So look at it to-morrow, and pray that you may be like God and the dewdrop, pure, gentle, a blessing wherever you go.

THE BRUISED REED

IN THE PROPHETICAL BOOKS OF the Old Testament are many beautiful sayings that seem to point to Christ and certainly apply to him. Of these, few are more true than Isaiah's words, "A bruised reed will he not break."

It is so easy for us, if a thing is injured, to injure it some more. If a boy sees an old house with half the panes of glass in it broken, he usually feels like throwing stones and breaking some more. If the branch of a plant is bending down badly hurt, almost without thinking a girl will take hold of it with a pull that breaks it off. And when one is walking along a country road how easy to hit with a cane or step with the foot on a bruised stalk. Whenever you see anything that has been

injured, think of the Christ who never broke the bruised reed, and do not hurt it any more.

This applies also to our treatment of people. If an unkind remark is made about some girl, do not break the bruised reed by following it with another unkind remark. If some one is blaming a boy, do not be so anxious to add your faultfinding. It is easy to be a friend to the successful. But Christ thought of the troubled and the hurt.

BEING CONTRARY

TO BE CONTRARY IS TO BE opposite to all the rest, to refuse to agree with them; and generally a contrary person is a very disagreeable one to have around. There are times, however, when it is well to be contrary, and of those I wish to speak. In winter, when it is bitter cold, how fine to have something which is exactly the opposite — a bright, hot fire! On a hot midsummer day, how refreshing a "contrary" glass of water, which insists on being cold when everybody and everything is hot! We enjoy the north wind not when it agrees with the ice and snow of winter, but when it disagrees with the burning heat of summer. Sometimes, too, it is nice to have children contrary.

If you come home some day and find every one out of sorts in the house (perhaps that never happens in your town, but if it does), then instead of being like the rest, out of sorts, be contrary, that is, just the opposite, and show yourself cheerful, smiling, and good-natured. If you are with a company of people who are discouraged, show yourself contrary by being hopeful; if all are frightened, show your contrariness by being brave; if all are quarreling, be contrary in becoming a peacemaker. I heard of two people who lived together happily because they had agreed never to be cross at the same time. If one was cross, the other was always the contrary, good-natured. Some people like to be contrary. Well, let them look out, and they will find plenty of chances when it is all right to be contrary.

SUNLIKE

BOYS AND GIRLS SHOULD NOT only attend church, but should do it in the right way. In coming on Sunday mornings try to be like the sun.

He is regular and comes every day. What if he should be too tired or lazy, or go off some day to visit Jupiter or Saturn, or to chase some comet? He does not do any such thing, nor does he "forget all about it." How fine if you could be as regular for a whole year as the sun and not miss any more Sundays than he does!

He is on time. If he should not start from the horizon until the day was quarter over, and then be seen scrambling up the sky to make up for lost time, he would remind you of the people late to church as they

hurry up the steps and down the aisle. On time is a good rule.

The sun is always bright faced; you never see him scowling. The clouds may hide his face, but they belong to the earth and not to him. His face never fails to be cheery. So away with cross faces and sulky looks, and come to church with sunrise faces.

Then look at the minister as the sun looks at you, with a full face turned toward you. The moon sometimes shows you a full face, sometimes half or quarter, and part of the time is turned entirely away. That is the view the minister often gets of some faces in the congregation. They are turned down, or sideways in whispering to the next person, or all the way around in looking back. These are the moon listeners; but better be sunrise listeners, looking all the time so that when your minister turns toward you he will always see a full face.

WISE DOVES

WE ARE TOLD TO BE AS WISE as serpents and as harmless as doves, but one day I saw in the railroad station at Springfield five doves that were as wise as they were harmless. It was a dreadful day, the rain coming down in torrents and great crowds rushing about, which trains from north, south, east, and west had brought there. A man was putting some peanuts on the platform for these doves, and they were busily and happily eating them. It would not have been surprising if they had refused to touch them, afraid of the crowds of people all about, or in dread of the trucks loaded with baggage which might run over them. They were sensible doves, however, not allowing these

disturbing circumstances to spoil their enjoyment of the good things which were being offered them.

Boys and girls are not always as wise. Some will complain all through a good dinner and not half enjoy it, because it is raining outside. Others will fuss and fume over an interesting book just because they happen to be hot. Often children will spoil a pleasure party because they cannot sit next to a favorite friend or play the game they prefer. You will even see occasionally a Sunday-school scholar sit sulking through the lesson because she has a substitute instead of her regular teacher. Learn like the wise doves to enjoy what you have, even if some of the surroundings are not just what you would like.

MAKING FACES

DID YOU EVER MAKE FACES AT anybody? You know that it is not nice, and that children who do such things are often punished for it. But we are making faces for ourselves all the time.

If you are real cross, you scowl and wrinkle your face, just above your nose and between your eyes. If you are worried and anxious, some lines appear across your forehead. If you smile, some little lines run from the outer corner of your eyes toward your hair, spreading out like a fan. If you laugh, you have some dimples in your cheeks or other marks about your mouth.

Now just as soon as you stop being cross, or worrying, or smiling, or laughing, these lines and wrinkles disappear. Still the muscles

get in the habit of making these marks and, if you keep on they grow deeper, and at last are there all the time. When you are not cross, the wrinkles that show irritation are there. When no merriment is in your heart, the smiling lines are there. All these years you have been making your face, and you have to wear it all the time.

As you enter a car of older people you often can tell much about them by the faces they have made and are wearing. That one is pleasant and jolly, for the smiling lines are there; that one's wife and children must have a hard time in life, for he has lots of scowling furrows on his face. The next one is a trial to his friends; the marks of "I never give up to others" he has written all over his face. Be careful, because in smiling and scowling, in laughing and frowning, you are making the faces you will have to wear when you are older.

WALKING WITH GOD

WE LIKE TO WALK WITH OUR friends. Nowhere is this more apparent than in school. Watch the boys and girls as they are coming home and see how they pair off or group themselves according to their fondness for each other. The pleasure of walking with those we love and enjoy is one of the greatest in life.

We are told that Enoch walked with God, and we feel that we should; but how can a boy or girl walk with God? To walk with a person you must be going in the same direction. You may be on the same street, but that is not enough, for both must face the same way and be near each other. Christ came to show us how we can keep step with God.

When you are going where you should go, you are walking with God. When you start out for school in the morning and go along happily and in a nice way, you are walking with God. So you are when you are cheerfully doing an errand, or helping somebody, or on your way to church or Sunday-school. So you are when you are enjoying a pleasant tramp, or visiting any place, or doing anything which it is right for you to do.

"Shall two walk together, except they have agreed?" says the Bible. So must you be agreed with God. If you are saying and doing things that would displease him, even though on your way to church, you are not walking with him. When you are planning mischief or teasing others, you are not. Every day, almost, you take a walk with God, and some days you walk with him almost all the time.

THE CACTUS BLOSSOM

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A CACtus? How stiff and ungainly it looks, with great thick leaves, which can neither sway gracefully nor rustle with sweet music! Often, too, it has thorns, many and sharp, and is the least attractive of plants. But a lover of flowers takes a cactus, gives it sunshine, and water, and tender care. At last she makes the cactus blossom, and how beautiful its flowers! Few plants produce blooms with richer coloring, with more of glory in them. I have seen their clumsy stalks and leaves simply covered with splendid flowers.

Now it is a fine thing to make a cactus blossom, to bring smiles on a gloomy, cross face. It is easy enough to make some

people smile and laugh, for they are all ready to do it for the slightest reason. Some others, however, are unhappy, cross, or depressed. Their faces have as little charm about them as a thorny cactus. When you meet one of those comes your chance to make a cactus blossom. See if you can say some bright, cheery word, or do some pleasing deed that will bring a smile to that face. If you can, then you have made a cactus blossom. It is very hard; sometimes you must try often and thoughtfully, but it is worth while. This you must not speak of, but keep it in your heart, because it might hurt others' feelings if they knew that you thought of them as cactus plants. Nevertheless, if you see a child crying, try to make it laugh; if a man looks glum, make him smile; if a woman is cross, make her look happy; if a young person is out of sorts, start her singing. Make the cactus blossom.

TEARS

DO YOU EVER CRY? BABIES must because it is their only way of telling that they are hungry or in pain. They have a right to do it. But when they have learned to talk, it is not so necessary. When should a person give up crying? At five years of age, or ten, or twenty? The answer is, "Do not stop as long as you live." Pity the person who has no tears to shed. Jesus wept more than once.

Let me suggest, however, two rules about crying. The first is that it is not well to cry a good while. A long cry makes your eyes red and gives you a headache. One minute is long enough for a real good cry. That will give you about all the good there

is in it, and not do any real harm; but at the end of sixty seconds stop. The next time you hurt yourself or anything happens that starts the tears, let them come; and then, at the end of a minute, say, "Time's up; no more tears." Then try to think about something else.

The second rule is that some of your tears should be like Christ's tears — for other people's troubles. He never wept for himself. You may not be able to be like him altogether, but follow him part way. Let half your tears be for others. Was the last time you cried caused by your own troubles? Then shed no more tears for yourself until your sympathy with other people has touched you and made you weep. Have some Christ tears before you cry for yourself again.

HONEY

MANY PEOPLE ARE VERY fond of sweet things, especially candy. Most of these sweets are made by man out of juices, by various processes, some of them quite complicated. One of them is made directly by God for us, for I know of only one that nature produces exactly in the form in which we use it, and that is honey. The bees make it, and just as it is, we eat it and enjoy it.

In Proverbs we are told that pleasant words are like honey, and surely whoever produces pleasant words is one of God's honey-makers. Hunters are always on the lookout for honey, and I wish to call your attention not so much to producing honey as to recognizing it.

Years ago whenever anybody told an old story, or uttered a familiar saying, some one was sure to say, "Chestnuts!" To-day, in some regions, if any one is hit by a remark, some person present is sure to exclaim, "Stung!" I wish to suggest another expression, one of praise. When some one utters a pleasant word at the table, show your appreciation by saying, "Honey!" When a compliment is given, a cheery word spoken, let some person present endorse it by saying, "Honey!" And even where the expression is not used, learn to find out all the honeyed words and deeds. Enjoy them, show appreciation of them. How much honey is made that no one ever notices!

THE AUTUMN LEAF

HOW OLD IS THE PRETTIEST autumn leaf you have found this year? About six months is its age, and now it is near its end. It was a nice leaf in the spring, a fine one all summer; but it is brighter and more cheery now than ever. Its motto is, Be Brightest at the End.

It is easy for boys and girls to be merry and cheerful at the beginning, but so hard to be like an autumn leaf, brightest at the close.

You are cheerful in the morning because you feel fresh; but at night do you generally look as bright as an autumn leaf? When school opens, your faces shine and you are radiant as you take up the first exercise, but does the school during the last half-hour

remind you of an oak or maple with its golden foliage?

Wanted, every day, boys and girls who will be autumn leaves from three o'clock until bedtime. People say O. K. often when they mean all right. You may ask mother when you go to bed to-night, "Mother, have I been an A. L. this afternoon and evening?"

GRANDPARENTS

HOW MANY OF YOU KNOW about Grandmother Lois? She was the grandmother of Timothy, and when he was a boy she taught him many things about the Bible which Paul wished him to remember. How many of you know about Grandfather Jacob? The "grandfather" chapter of the Bible, Genesis forty-eight, tells how the blind grandfather blessed his grandsons. Read it some day.

Every one of you ought to have a grandfather and a grandmother. If you have none living, find some persons right away who would make good ones for you, and adopt them!

First of all, find out your grandparents' birthdays, and never fail to remember them

with a letter or a visit and some birthday present. Usually they cannot go out as much as you, so when you go off for a fine time, be sure to bring them something when you come home, even if it is only a flower, or a picture, or a piece of candy.

Honor your father and mother, and *grand-honor* your grandfather and grandmother. Everything you do toward them is doubled. If you disturb them with your noise it is twice as bad as troubling other people. If you hurt their feelings, it is the worst kind of a wrong thing. If, however, you help them, it is a grand helping; if you please them, it is a grand pleasure; and when you honor them, it is indeed grand honoring.

THE BALDWIN APPLE FLAVOR

ON A SHELF IN MY ROOM WERE placed six big Baldwin apples, which a kind deacon had picked from his apple-tree and given to me. The next time I came into the room, I found it filled with a rich, sweet fragrance from those apples. And when we ate them what a fine flavor they had! If these Baldwins had been without fragrance and flavor, small, knotty, juiceless, tasteless, they would have been apples just the same, but oh, how different! How much more of a treat they were because they had the Baldwin apple flavor and fragrance!

The trouble with so many of our words and deeds is that though they are good

words and good deeds they do not have a fine flavor or a sweet fragrance. Sometimes we are told to do an errand. We obey; oh, yes, we do it; but with a sigh or a scowl, with a whine or a grunt. It is obedience, but with no fine flavor to it. Nobody enjoys it very much. Or we say, "Thank you," as though it were being pulled out of our mouths with a pair of dentist's pincers.

Try to give a Baldwin apple flavor to every act of obedience, and a Baldwin apple fragrance to every "please" and "thank you"; to every "good morning" and "I am glad to see you"; for proper deeds and proper words give little pleasure unless they have in them the right spirit, which is their flavor and fragrance.

NOVEMBER RAINS

HOW WELCOME THE SPRING showers falling gently and encouraging the growing plants! How delightful the summer showers, clearing and cooling the air! Very different are the November rains, cold and dreary, and no one praises them. This is not fair. They seem disagreeable but are really our best friends. They soak into the ground, deep down, feeding the springs, filling the reservoirs. All through the winter they supply us with water. When you have a good drink of water or a fine bath, say, "Thanks to the November rains."

Then they supply the plant roots so that when the spring opens there will be plenty of sap. The maple syrup and the first buds

come so early because of the November rains. You should remember next spring in all the loveliness of its unfolding to say, "Hurrah for the November rains!"

Often children complain of some studies in school, arithmetic or geography or language, that they are of no use. Perhaps not now, but they are like November rains. After a few months or years their value will appear. How foolish if the ground should refuse the November rain because it did not need it then! You think that going to bed early, studying your Sunday-school lesson, attending church when you cannot understand the sermon, are of no use. They are November rains. Accept them now, and the good will come by and by.

So when you do a kind deed, that seems unappreciated, do not think it wasted, but call it a November rain that will in time be a blessing.

FOR ANOTHER

"OH, DON'T PUNISH ME! I'LL never do it again. I will be good." Did you ever say that? Most boys and girls have said it, not a few times, but many. And how many more times have you said: "Please let me have this." "Please let me do that."

Asking for yourselves, this is; but sometimes you have asked for others. How often have you pleaded that your brother or sister or schoolmate should not receive the punishment about to be inflicted, or coaxed that some one else might receive some candy or other dainty or the privilege of having some pleasure? There is a long but very beautiful word, *intercession*, which means pleading for another.

Walking through a city street I was besought by children for some of the flowers I was carrying in my hands. When I had given away all I could spare, I started to refuse all requests, but one little fellow begged me to give one to a tiny girl, and I could not resist. People often consent when one intercedes for another, even though they would have refused the direct request. We are told that Christ ever liveth to make intercession for others. It is Christlike to intercede. All this week remember to ask good things for other boys and girls, and that others may be forgiven and not punished, even though in both cases you do not fare so well yourself.

TABLE MANNERS

YOU OFTEN CAN TELL MORE about a person by his table manners than in any other way. In half an hour he shows his training, how much of a gentleman he is and many other things. Look out for your table manners. I do not mean so much whether a man eats with his knife, or takes a pudding with a spoon which should be taken with a fork, or whether he uses in the right order the half dozen forks that he finds by his place at some fine dinner; but other more important things, and two in particular.

First, there is no place where there are so many opportunities to say "please" and "thank you." Probably in all the rest of the day put together the occasions for these

expressions are less than during the three meals. Count the number of times that these are used at your table, and you will have one way of judging what kind of a family yours is. And for yourself alone, how often do you employ them? Count to yourself one day. Will you reach "please" twenty times and "thank you" as many more? And which will you use the most?

The table is a fine place for unselfishness. You have heard of people who sleep with one eye open. You should eat with both eyes open, watching out of the corners to see whether those on either side of you, especially, are in need of something. Before they have a chance to ask for another glass of water, a second piece of bread, some more butter, do you ask if they need it, and see that they are supplied. Be so thoughtful that they will not need to say "please," and will have many chances to say "thank you."

ANSWERING THE CALL

HOW MANY, MANY TIMES YOU boys and girls hear somebody calling you, from morning to night! You really grow tired of it and wish that they would leave you alone. Sometimes you do not answer at all, or shout out, "*What?*"

It cannot be helped, however, and as you are bound to be called and have to answer sooner or later, you might as well do it in the right way and get some credit for it. There is one boy in the Bible who knew how to do it. When he was called in the night, he answered, "Here am I," and then went straight to the person he thought had called him. Samuel's way was the best.

I knew a small boy and girl who adopted

this phrase. As soon as the name of either was sounded, a voice would ring out, "Here am I," and the sound of the feet, coming to report, would be heard. Teach your younger brothers and sisters, or little friends, Samuel's way, and when you hear them replying, "Here am I," you will like it so well that you will be taking it up yourself. In the family I referred to, the mother commenced to use it, and "Here am I," used to sound very sweet when the children called for her. How much better it is for a boy or girl than a drawled out, "What?" especially if followed by quick steps, running to the person calling. And best of all is it when to it is added the name of the one calling, "Here am I, mother."

THE RELATIVES OF PROFANITY

PROBABLY NOT ONE OF THE readers of this sermon ever uses profanity, that is, takes God's name in vain. Did you know, however, that profanity has lots of relatives, not actual swearing, but kin to it? There are its nephews, "damn it," "darn it," "the devil," and "hell." Then it has many first cousins, such as "gosh," "gee"; and there are its second cousins, such as "oh, heavens." Its grandchildren are "golly," "by George," "by jiminy," and many others. Among its great-grandchildren are "whew" and "ouch," and then there are such distant relatives as "goodness me."

Each year new relatives are born into

the family, in the form of the latest slang; some are very distant relatives and others are double cousins. Like ordinary profanity, these are used as exclamations, with little or no appropriateness or meaning. Bringing them into the conversation has become a habit, and we do not realize how often they fall from our lips. They really weaken our speech, lose for us the respect of others, and are silly.

Look out for these relatives of profanity. They may not be very bad, or do much harm, but they are of no value whatsoever, and really injure. Almost all boys and girls have adopted some of these expressions, which they say are "nothing but slang." They come from your lips far more than you realize. Ask your friends to tell you what relatives of profanity are your favorites, and how many times in a day you use them.

CONQUERING THE DARKNESS

WONDERFUL THINGS HAVE been done in recent years in conquering the darkness. Our houses are made bright with oil lamps instead of candles, and electric lights in place of gas. This is not enough. Every boy should conquer the darkness for himself, and so should every girl for herself.

Are you afraid of the dark? Some children are afraid unless a lamp is left burning in the room when they go to bed; others will not enter a dark room alone; others are brave enough for that but would not go down cellar or up-stairs by themselves without a light. Would you go into your own house at night if there were no person there

nor any light? Good for you, if you would! Would you go into a dark church alone?

Many boys and girls have never outgrown their fear of the darkness, but it can be conquered by practise. If you are afraid to go into an unlighted room alone, some day open the door and look in. The next day stand on the threshold, and on the following take one step in. Each time do a little more and in a week or two you will be able to go into that dark room without any fear whatsoever. Then try going up-stairs and afterwards down cellar, and in time you will conquer darkness and no longer be its slave.

But you should conquer it in another way. Learn to go up and down stairs, to make your way about a room, and even to find things, though it is pitch dark. The blind are in the dark all the time, without fear and able to do many things. We must not let them get too far ahead of us.

SNOWFLAKE FEET

OFTEN HAVE YOU LISTENED TO the rain-drops patter on the roof or beat against the window-panes. Sometimes they come down quite noisily. Their brothers, the hailstones, make even more of a commotion and hurt when they hit; but still other members of the sky family, that come to us from the clouds, are very quiet. These are the snowflakes.

How gently they come down, never hurting any one with their fall, and how silently! Sometimes they keep coming all night, and millions jump from the sky to the earth so quietly that you do not know it until daylight.

You will find the same difference in footsteps. There are the thunder feet, and when

their owners come into the house, you can hear them banging along. There are the wind feet, that make everything shake as they step, even causing the whole house to quiver. The hailstone feet are the ones that keep hitting, and hurt the floor, and the carpet, and the furniture. The rain feet keep up a perpetual patter, until they tire those who hear them; but the snowflake feet, how pleasant they are! They come down softly, so quietly that you do not hear them. No one at work is disturbed, no headache is made worse, no damage wrought.

Mothers have snowflake feet, especially when they move around at night. Fathers and girls sometimes have them, but boys less often. If some one is asleep, or sick, or in trouble, better put on your snowflake shoes. No, in the house always have them on, and in church and in school. When you play outdoors, you might take them off.

CLEAN HANDS

HOW MANY TIMES YOU HAVE heard the question, "Are your hands clean?" or the command, "Run, now, and wash your hands"; or the exclamation, "Why! what looking hands! I should think that you would be ashamed!" While it does seem a bother to wash your hands so often, all of you know that you do not enjoy eating with people or shaking hands with them, if yours are well washed and theirs unclean; and that it spoils much of the pleasure in reading a book if its pages are marked with the prints of dirty thumbs and fingers.

Another kind of "clean hands" is referred to in that noble Twenty-Fourth Psalm. Here is meant the hands that are not soiled and stained by having done wrong things. When

hands take the best, or snatch greedily some desired object, or carelessly tear up a picture, or slap another's face, or in anger break something, or impatiently slam a door, they are not clean. In teasing each other boys and girls often pinch, and pull and push, and throw things or hide them, and do much that makes their hands unclean. And if you have soiled them thus, how can they be made clean? Ask the forgiveness of those you have treated badly, and offer a prayer for pardon to your heavenly Father, and in addition, let your hands do some "clean" things right away. Stroke the kitten until she purrs; pick up and put in their places things lying around the room; gather and give some flowers to some sick person; shovel snow, or pull weeds, or rake up autumn leaves, according to the season of the year. Do many kind deeds with your hands until they have become clean again.

ANGELS

WHEN I WAS A BOY WE USED to sing a hymn which commenced, "I want to be an angel and with the angels stand." Would you like to become an angel now, at once? Few, if any, of you would answer, "Yes." But perhaps you are angels already. Do you think that you are? Do your friends believe that you are?

What is an angel? You first think of them as having wings; but if you read the angel stories in the first chapters of Matthew and Luke, and in other places in the Gospels, you will find no mention of wings. You can be an angel without wings.

The word angel is derived from the Greek word *angelos*, meaning messenger. All through

the Bible you will find one thing true of all the angels mentioned as being on earth—they were messengers, they were doing errands. Their object was to bring truth, guidance, or comfort to people here on earth.

An angel is, then, one who brings messages from God to men, one who does God's errands in blessing people. It is not so hard, then, to be an angel. Often when you are running on an errand in the right spirit you are an angel. When you go to comfort and cheer some one you are often an angel. A little boy came to my house in a dreadful storm to tell me that a sick neighbor needed me. Surely that boy was an angel.

I know lots of angels, see them every day, watch them carrying God's messages, doing God's errands. Some are men and women; some are boys and girls. How many angels do you know?

THE EVENING STAR

THE TEXT OF THIS SERMON you will find in God's Book of Nature, in the sky chapter, in the evening verse, and in the first part of the verse. You cannot read it by daylight, only in the dark. Sometime after sunset this evening, take a look at the text, the evening star, and see it shining. How lovely, how glorious it is!

Say to it: "O star, why are you so bright? Our sun has gone and it is night." And the star will say to you, "I am bright because my face is toward the sun, and he is shining upon me even though you cannot see him."

To be a star is to be bright because our hearts are turned toward some beautiful light that is shining upon us though others

cannot see it. When you are at school let your life shine with a light coming from your home, so that every visitor will say: "I know that boy has a good home. I can tell from his face and manners." Let the girls at play be so cheery and lovely that the passers-by will see the light of the mother's cheery smile and hear the echo of the father's hearty laugh. Be so fine-spirited, in the darkness which others make by their greediness and quarreling, that your cheer and kindness will glow. Then it will be known that upon your heart is shining the blessing of parent, teacher, absent friend, and even the love of Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness.

LITTLE BURGLARS

THE LAW SAYS THAT BURGLARS are people who break in where they have no right, in order to steal. Many children are in great fear of them, but do not realize that they themselves may be little burglars.

While two persons are talking, a boy rushes in and breaks right into their conversation with an interruption to ask some question or to tell some news. He wishes to steal their attention — the little burglar!

Occasionally late at night a company of boys make a great noise, and break in on people's sleep and steal their rest. Sometimes, in a church service, a group of girls begin whispering and giggling, breaking in on the solemnity of the service and stealing

away others' enjoyment of it — the little burglars!

When a company of children are having a merry time, some one breaks in on the happiness with a disagreeable remark and robs them of their smiles — the mean little burglar!

But there is one class of burglars that boys and girls should fear, for they come often, breaking into the mind and stealing the attention. When you are in school or at church, and thoughts of play come into your mind, say to yourself, "The burglars are coming."

Come, boys and girls, let us cease being burglars, breaking in with our interruptions and stealing from others their attention, their quiet, their happiness. And let us stop worrying about the burglars who might break into our houses and be on our guard against those who break into our minds.

LENTEN LENDING

IN THE WEEKS BEFORE EASTER, which are commonly called Lent, and are observed in remembrance of the fasting and sacrifice of Jesus, many persons and societies make special gifts which they call Lenten offerings. This is a beautiful custom practised also by many of the younger people.

Let me suggest that you boys and girls observe Lent in another way — that is, by lending. At this season think of some nice book, or toy, or doll that you own, which somebody would enjoy having for a little while, and offer to lend it. When you are sliding down hill and see some children standing around because they have no sled, step up and offer to lend yours for a ride or

two. Do the same with your skates if you have a chance.

Best of all is the practise of lending yourself. After the next snow-storm, if you are not needed at home, go to a neighbor's house where there is no man and say, "Do you want to borrow a boy for half an hour?" Then when you have shoveled the paths, accept no money or reward except a "thank you," for it is a Lenten Lending of yourself. In the same way a girl can lend herself to take care of a neighbor's baby, or to run errands, or to carry a bundle.

Keep a lookout all through Lent for a chance to lend yourself to your school-teacher, to your neighbor, and, best of all, to your father and mother for some special use. Who is ready to do Lenten Lending of what you have and what you are?

LINCOLN-LIKE

YOU HAVE OFTEN HEARD A boy shout out to another angrily: "Get off that sled. It is mine." Sometimes a girl says quite sharply of a book or pencil: "Leave it alone. That is mine." Then frequently one says quite happily and proudly of a house or church, "That is mine." It is natural and often pleasant to claim what is ours. There are times, however, when it is not so enjoyable, but when we should be prompt to do it.

An incident in Abraham Lincoln's life illustrates this. When fourteen years old he attended Crawford's school. Nailed on the schoolhouse wall was a buck's head. One day the teacher saw that one of the horns was broken off and asked who broke

it. "I did it," answered young Lincoln, promptly. "I did not mean to do it, but I hung on it and it broke." Lincoln was the type of boy who is ready to say of some fault or wrong, "That is mine."

Often a teacher in school asks who was whispering or making a disturbance when her back was turned, or she was out of the room. If it was done by a Lincoln-like boy or girl the answer will come instantly, "I did it." When mother wishes to know who brought the mud in on to the carpet, or ate the fruit, or broke the dish, the Lincoln-like son or daughter owns up at once. Whenever the question is raised concerning any wrong for which you are responsible, "Whose fault was this?" answer instantly, "That is mine." Do not fail to claim as your own all your mischief, all your mistakes, all your wrong. It may be hard, but it is Lincoln-like.

SELF-PUNISHMENT

LET ME SUGGEST SOMETHING that you may never have done, and perhaps your parents never tried it when they were young. Still I wish you to think about it.

Many things your fathers and mothers once did for you, now you do for yourselves. They used to feed you, now you feed yourselves; they used to dress you, move you about, read to you; but now you dress, walk, and read to yourselves. In the past your parents have punished you in one way or another. What do you say to punishing yourselves when you have done wrong?

Try it some day. If you have been careless about your work, when dessert is offered you at dinner decline it, simply saying,

"Thank you, it looks very nice, but I will not take any to-day." If you have been rude to brother or sister, put a chair in the corner and sit in it for fifteen minutes without saying a word. If you have played with your mates unfairly or in a quarrelsome way, start for bed half an hour earlier than usual, or rise in the morning as much earlier and do some special work. Punish yourself. Why not?

It will take from your parents the most unpleasant task they have in bringing up children; it will do you more good than if another inflicted it, because there will be no anger or resentment in your heart; and it will make you far more thoughtful. You will not forget but will remember to give up the bad habits and careless ways for which you punish yourself. Try it for this week and see how well it works.

PALM SUNDAY CLOTHES

WE CALL THE SUNDAY BEfore Easter Palm Sunday because on that day the people took the branches from the palm-trees and strewed them in the way that Christ might be honored as he rode over them.

But on that day there was something far more important than the palms. It took only a little work to pull branches off the trees by the roadside; it meant far more when they threw off their outer robes, their very best clothes, and laid them down on the muddy road that Christ might ride over them in honoring triumph. All these garments must have been badly soiled, many torn and injured as they were trampled upon, and perhaps some were lost. These

friends of Christ sacrificed their clothes for him.

There are many people who make such sacrifices to-day. The fathers and mothers of some of you who read this give up having as fine clothes as some of their friends, in order that you may have better clothes, nicer food, more privileges and a better education. Some Christians give up costly clothes in order that they may give more money to the poor and sick about them and for missionary work. These are the real Palm Sunday Christians.

You almost always want the daintiest dresses, the prettiest ribbons, the most stylish shoes, and the best suits of clothes. If ever you tell your parents to buy you the less costly ones, so that the money saved may be spent for father, or mother, or brother or sister, or some needy ones, then you may think of those cheaper ones as your Palm Sunday clothes.

ROLL IT AWAY

ON EASTER YOU EXPECT TO see flowers in the church and hear the singing; and these are splendid ways of showing our joy that Christ rose from the dead. On the first Easter, however, there were neither flowers nor singing, and if you wish to celebrate the day in the same way that it was then, try rolling away a stone.

The very first thing that happened was the rolling away of the stone from the mouth of the sepulcher where Christ had been buried. It kept him from the disciples, and kept them from coming to him to take care of his body. A true celebration of the day would be to roll away whatever keeps you from coming to Christ. Are there any bad

habits, any angry feelings, any selfish plans that will keep you from having a blessed Easter? Then roll them away.

It is pleasant to remember that Christ spent all that day in doing just this for others. He rolled away the sorrow from Mary's heart, and the doubts and misgivings from the minds of the Emmaus disciples, and in the evening the fears of his followers.

Try it, boys and girls. See if on Easter you cannot roll away something that is troubling mother, or father, or friend. Roll away the difficulty of the child that is crying, the fear of the timid girl, the disappointment that is spoiling the day for some boy, the discouragement of some Sunday-school teacher. What a glorious Easter you will make it, if, in addition to the flowers and music, you have the joy of being like the angel and like Christ in rolling away some stone that hinders or hurts.

GETTING BREAKFAST

MANY PEOPLE FIND IT HARD to rise in the morning in time for breakfast, and what a shame it is to have to say that sometimes boys and girls are late to breakfast! The sermon to-day is not for these lazy ones, but for those who are up early enough to help get the breakfast.

It may be hard for you to do this, but there is one beautiful thought about it that should make it a pleasant task. Jesus did many wonderful things, such as feeding the five thousand, which are far beyond our ability; but after Easter, when he was the risen and triumphant Redeemer, he rendered one blessed service which you are repeating—with his own hands he prepared

a breakfast for some hungry people. Very early in the morning he gathered some sticks of wood on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, built a fire, broiled the fish, toasted the bread and then called the disciples to breakfast. It was the last service he ever rendered them in bodily form.

Let others sleep lazily in the morning, if they must; but when you are getting the breakfast, do it with a happy heart, for you now are doing what Jesus did. Who will be up early this week to start the fire and help mother get the breakfast?

THE SOLDIER BOY

BROWNING TELLS A LITTLE story in one of his poems about Napoleon. His soldiers are storming Ratisbon. As he stands on a hill anxiously wondering whether his army will succeed, a boy, who seems to be wounded, comes galloping up, springs from his horse, and reports:

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!"

Napoleon's eye flashed with joy, and then had a tender look, as he noticed the boy's condition, and said:

"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

This soldier boy did not let his suffering keep him from doing his errand. How his wound hurt him! but he went right on until he had finished the task that had been committed to him.

None of you are likely to be given an errand or any duty that will result in your death; but all of you sometimes will be given tasks, and before they are finished you will be tired, or lame, or have some pain. Some children give up just as soon as it begins to hurt, crying out, "Oh! I cannot do this. It is too hard. It hurts me." The boys and girls who have the spirit of this soldier boy will keep on to the end, and will finish not with a groan but with a smile, even though head or feet ache.

THE SNOWDROP SPIRIT

UNDER THE GROUND AWOKE a little flower and started to push its way up through the soil. The people on the earth had been passing through a long and dreary winter and were longing for something fresh and fair.

Now the snowdrop was a frail little thing and it found the ground very hard, for the gardener had not softened it by his spring-time digging. But it was not discouraged, pushing on, though the earth and stones hurt. As soon as it reached the air its experiences were terrible. Cold, gray clouds frowned upon it from the sky; chilling north winds blew upon it fiercely; sharp sleet struck it again and again. The sun sometimes warmed it a little, but soon hurried

away leaving it numbed and in the dark. What a cold welcome the world gave it; surely it thought it was not wanted, but it kept bravely on until its fair, white blossom grew and cheered the hearts of many who came that way.

Sometimes you offer a kind service and it is received coldly, as when a stranger sharply refuses the hymn-book you offer him. Then have the snowdrop spirit and, instead of being discouraged, keep right on offering your hymn-book to a stranger the next time you have a chance. If you do a good deed and somebody frowns upon you, have the snowdrop spirit and do another like it. If you speak the truth and suffer for it, do not be disheartened, but keep bravely on. Do not let others' frowns, or criticism, or coldness, or indifference, chill you and make you give up; but be like a snowdrop on a chilly, dreary, spring day.

YOUR BIRTHDAY

YOU ALWAYS ENJOY HAVING your friends celebrate your birthday by giving you presents, arranging a party, and making a birthday cake. You should not forget, however, to celebrate it yourself. It would seem very strange if the United States expected France, Germany, and the other nations to celebrate her birthday, the Fourth of July, and made no celebration herself. So you must do something to celebrate your own birthday the next time it comes.

If your father kisses you on your birthday, he is apt to give you one for each year and then he adds a rousing smack, saying, "And one to grow on." So if a friend strikes you on the back, he does it once for each

year and a good big whack, "one to grow on." You cannot kiss your own lips, or pound your own back, but you can celebrate your birthday by doing and saying nice things that will make as many people happy as you are years old. When you have made one person happy in the morning, say quietly to yourself, "one." After another person has been cheered, whisper to yourself, "two." As soon as you make some one smile, think, "three." Then when you have brought pleasure on that day to as many as you are years old, plan something particularly good, "one to grow on," so that you may grow the next year, not only tall and strong, but also kind and helpful.

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